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THE
EXAMINATION
AND
CONFESSION

OF
Colonel John Lambert,
Now Prisoner in the Tower of LONDON.

BEING
A Discovery of his late intended
Con rivancess against the
PARLIAMENT & COUNCIL



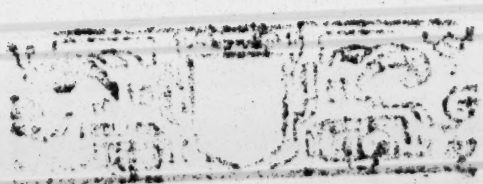
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1660

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London, Printed for W. & A. G. Smith, 1784.

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The Examination of Col. John Lambert.

Monk. ————
are welcome to town, Colonel. This is kindly done to come and see how we do.

Lambert. Not so kind neither; I don't use to forget injuries so soon, my Lord: for truly my Lord I am now cursing ye in my heart, as fast as ever I can; for since you would not give me leave to act, you shall give me leave to pay it with thinking.

Monk. I wish you could have been so satisfied before. Think upon that Colonel.

Lambert. No Sir; though I must doe as you would have me, I am not obliged to think as you would have me. I have somewhat else to think upon.

Monk. As you please Sir for that. But how came you to undertake this rash attempt?

Lambert. The Army engag'd me to't.

Monk. Sir you must justify this if they question it, or else you'll face the worse.

The General unwilling to waste more time with the disconsolate *Colonel*, went his way. 'Tis thought that *Lambert* would fain have gone with him if his guard would have let him. Others say that he wish'd himself a thousand times in the Generals place. Truly we are loth to contradict either of these reports, because they are both, if not certain, very probable. For my part I believe he may now happen to make a good Midwife's deputy, having bit his nailes close enough by this; though 'tis something dangerous to let him practice that faculty, lest he should deliver himself again out of the Tower. He was a very unfortunate man, cries one — Why unfortunate? — because he had such a great fall — The more fortunate cry I — for 'twas a mercy, that having such a great fall, he did not break his neck: Well, says

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another,

another, 'tis a great providence that he is taken — *We deny that*, cries his great friend the *Firstmonarchy-man* — *Providence had no hand in the taking of him* — That's somewhat severe, you'll say, and peremptory — but they give you a very good Argument — for, say they — *We hope to see the powers of the Earth broken* — but Lambert was not taken by providence — It may be you are not satisfy'd — I can't help that. But had the Colonel nothing to say for himself? He could not avoid that, as being a person that has a tongue; for the Council being somewhat curious, desir'd him to take the quints to stir that small member up and down his mouth a little, in relation to certain Queries which they requir'd him to make answer to. This he in civility could not deny; whereupon he rehear'd his Cat-chisms very orderly and mannerly in form as followeth.

President. Pray Colonel, are not you very weary?

Lam. Not very weary, my Lord.

Pres. I mean of your life, Sir.

Lam. No my Lord, for then I would not have pray'd Col. *Ingoldsby* so effeminately to let me escape.

Pres. Why then would you venture it, by getting out of the Tower, where we had so carefully lockt ye up out of harms way?

Lm. My Lord, I had a designe in that.

Pres. No question Sir, may it not be imparted?

Lam. Your pardon my Lord, I am not free to do it.

Pres. Would ye do it if it were free? *Lam*. No indeed my Lord; I would see your Lordship at *Jamaica* first.

Pres. But suppose the Council do request it? *Lm*. If the Council do request it, I do verily believe I must do it; but, as I told you before, I am not free to do it.

Pres. 'Tis no matter for your freedom, Sir, there's nobody here that covets it; and therefore Sir be pleas'd to remember the question. What was your design, pray Sir?

Lam. Sir, 'Tis a long story to tell ye, and I am loth to tire yours and the Council's patience.

Pres. Sir, hat's no answer to the question. *Lam*. Pardon me my Lord, I never was examined before, and therefore

fore I may answer a little too vily the first time. But my Lord if you will needs know my design, my design was to have cut your throat my Lord; and I do believe when my hand had been in, I should not have stopt there. *Pres.* 'Twas an excellent design, why did you not proceed? *Lamb.* Not because my heart did misgive me, but because you were too nimble for me——There's your Generall too, if I had had him in my clutches, I think I should have been even with him for making me spend so much time in waiting on him in the North. Truly my Lord I had something else to do, at that time then to march my men in the depth of winter to so little purpose as if I had only gone processioning, to see whether the bounds of England stood still in their same places or no?

Pres. Alas, Colonell how came that odde farthing on the score.

Lamb. Your Generall out-witted me, and made an Ass of me, and when I was made an Ass, I could not be a man and an Ass too. And for that spindle-shank'd Caudle-eater which I lent him to keep things quiet in the South, he lets himself every body presse upon him, and permits the Citizens, who, one would have thought, should have forgot what freedom was, they had been so long enslav'd, to grow so sawcy and as peremptory; as if there had never been any Protector in the World.

Pres. Then it seems you intended to have steerd the same Course that Protector did.

Lamb. 'Tis very true my Lord, but my Rudder broke with which I went about to govern the Ship of the Commonwealth; though had it not cleav'd up so unexpectedly from the North, whereby I became becalm'd, I would either have sunk it, or dash'd it to peeces, ere it should have come into my enemies hands.

Pres. Car'd you so little, Colonell, for the ruine of your Country?

Lamb. No more then for the ruine of the Swine into which the Devil is entered. it was not my interest my Lord; for the generality of the Nation set themselves against me, and were
my/

my enemies? Had not I reason then to destroy the generality of the Nation for my own security?

Pres. You cared as little for your own friends, else what made you turn out your masters of the *Rump*?

Lamb. You have given the reason already Sir; because they sought to be my Masters. I was of *Cæsar's* mind, but I drove a little too furiously, made more ~~hast~~ than good speed; and that has master'd me.

Pres. How long has this project been in your head, Colonel?

Lamb. Before 'twas in the Protector's, for 'twas I that put it into his head; though I must confess he was easily perswaded to it.

Pres. Did not you think your self a very great Politician then?

Lamb. I did so, and had reason to do so; for I was some body then; and then folkes told me I was a Person of very great parts.

The Army too made mee believe they lov'd me; but now I am afraid they took mee to be a Cully; for when they had got all I had, they detested me, and look'd as contemptibly upon me, as a Vintner looks

upon a young gentleman after he has spent all his mony in his house.

Pres. Pray Colonel, what form of Government did you intend?

Lamb. No form of Government that I know of. Truly I never car'd for forms of Government: and al-

ways thought them ominous. For I remember, Formes of Prayer, at the beginning of times were out of fashion; and I hop'd that Forms of Government now had been as little re-

garded: if I ever lik'd any form, it was the Coach-mans form which was to have sate in the box of the Common-Wealth,

onely with a whip in one hand, and a bridle in the other. For the Multitude is a beast, and not onely a beast but a horse. A

skittish one you'l say — I cannot help that; I am not the first Rider that has been thrown by this horse. If I had sate

faster I am sure you had not been now in the saddle.

Pres. How could you imagine to carry on such a design against the resistance of the whole Nation?

Lamb. you see my Lord there's nothing worse then ill luck; For had I had the luck on't, as Cromwell had, I had not bin now under exami-

nation. The whole Nation had formerly been a company of cow'd fools and *Issachars*; what hurt had I done them, that they

they should not lie down under my burthen as well as anothers. *Pres.* But when you saw the Nation going about to take some rest, why would you seek to waken and disturb it again with the noise of confusion? *Lamb.* My Lord I rose by Confusion, grew great by confusion. I was laid aside in the Protector's time for want of more Confusion; afterwards Confusion brought me into play again; and should I have left my own friend Confusion for the good of half a score Counties?

Pres. But how came you to get out of the Tower?

Lam. Through the unwillingness of your Wardens to see a man from a woman. *Pres.* What were your hopes?

Lam. The promis'd assistance of all the male-contented persons in the Land, who resolving rather to hazard half, then lose all of what they detain'd from the right Owners, intend'd not to have been a little lavish to maintain their Interest: Now these fellows were all a company of beetle-headed, thick-skinn'd plough-jiggers, yet they had a great opinion of me, and thought I could have commanded an Army as well as any man in the world. I was glad on't, and very willing to believe it; for my ambition rejoic'd to behold any opportunity wherby I might get command.

Pres. Could you then endure Competitors and Assistants?

Lam. I do not say so: for could I have got into power, I would not have left the Nation unharrass'd till all my Rivals had fallen before me like *Dolabella* and *Marc. Anthony*.

Pres. What way would you have taken to establish your self?

Lam. I would have rooted up the Nobility, destroyed the Gentry, and made the *Yeomanry* such *Yeomanry*, that they should have had little reason to boast themselves the strength of the Nation. *Pres.* Hadst thou an intention to fire the City? *Lam.* I had so; for I found the inconvenience of having a great Town pamper'd up with multitude and riches, to be curvetting against their Rulers: had I burnt the Tower, the Tower could not now have held me.

Pres. What Religion are you of, for you speak very devoutly?

Lam. I can pretend to be of any indifferently well, but I am really and particularly of none. The last thing I pretended

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pretended to, was the Religion of the first *Monarchists*, but what it is, or what they would have, I neither know, nor care to know. Yet this I can tell ye, that if I thought they would have Christ reign over us, as they pretend, I would quickly change my opinion, unless I thought I could rule him as I did *Fleetwood*. For my intention was neither to assist Christ nor them; but to get my own ends by their assistance who as I thought were the only puppies that could not yet see.

Pres. Did it not grieve you to be taken?

Lamb. 'Tis a folly to live my Lord, it did grieve me more then any thing has griev'd me this ten year, and it grieves me the more, because I fear I shall never have another pull for't.

Pres. And what think you, do you now deserve for this glorious piece of service?

Lamb. Beggars my Lord, must not be choosers, yet I must needs say that hanging is very ignominious, and on the other side, if you forgive me I shall be playing the Rogue again as soon as an opportunity offers it self—'tis a very hard case my Masters, but the power is in your hands, and therefore it must be as you please.

FINIS.

